

## Filburt's Postmodern Wife

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## Filburt's Postmodern Wife

by [xandermartin98](#)

### Summary

Immediately following the events of the classic Rocko episode "The Big Question/Answer", when Filburt becomes so obnoxiously, insufferably egotistical and self-absorbed about his new ridiculously beautiful wife (Paula Hutchison) and his absolutely INSANE amount of inheritance money that Rocko and Heffer simply cannot tolerate it any

more, they decide to finally get back at him and give him what's coming to him.

How, you may ask? Why, by going inside Hutchison's brain and mind-controlling her into downright BRUTALLY sexually torturing him, then distributing the resulting video recording to the general PUBLIC, of course! Of course, the REAL big question here is this: WILL Filburt ever actually learn anything from this? Tune in RIGHT NOW while you still can to find out!

# Chapter 1

## FILBURT'S POSTMODERN WIFE

### PART 1

(cue Rocko's Modern Life Season 2-4 theme song)

One day at approximately 12:00 PM (noon) on the tiny insignificant speck of dust known as Earth, in the rather conspicuously, creepily curvaceous city called O-Town, Filburt Shellbach (nerdy turtle and Jewish stereotype extraordinaire who could never decide what part-time job he wanted to apply for to save his own sodding life) had just recently gotten himself married to Paula Hutchison (creepy and hook-handed yet incredibly sexy cat lady who never could decide what career she wanted to work in to save HER own sodding life) and was now busy shoving it in Rocko's and Heffer's faces at the former's house like the egotistical jerk that he fairly noticeably was.

"Oh my GAWSH, you folks would NEVER be able to believe this if it wasn't right before your very unworthy EYES as we SPEAK!" Filburt rudely jeered, laughed and snorted at the dinner table while Hutchison (who, naturally, was still in her wedding gown), Rocko and Heffer quietly and politely ate Rocko's slightly undercooked and not-very-appetizing meat loaf (well, actually, Heffer scarfed it down like a wild animal due to being literally raised by wolves, but you get the idea), groaning and sighing as blank-facedly as could be in the process as they each finished their meals at the precisely calculated exact same time and pushed their plates out in front of them, with Filburt also doing much of the same as he continued blabbering on and on and on, making all kinds of ridiculous hand gestures and performing numerous pelvic thrusts while doing so.

"I've got me a brand SPANKING-new wife as hot as the blistering, hive-inducing sun itself, and you'd better believe that she's going to be loving me with both direction AND magnitude! OH, YEAH!" Filburt continued arrogantly snickering to spite Rocko and Heffer for never having had their OWN properly dedicated love interests before as he leapt atop the table and began doing the pelvic hula dance, causing Rocko to angrily redden up in the face, ball up his hands into fists and grit his teeth in annoyance while Heffer and Hutchison just exasperatedly rolled their eyes.

"Filburt, for the LOVE of Steve Irwin, would you SHUT THE LIVING HELL UP?!" Rocko yelled furiously at Filburt, grabbing him by the tail and yanking him right down (face-up) onto the dining-room floor while Heffer and Hutchison got up out of their seats and excitedly began chanting "FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!"

"Oh no, turtle on his back with an angry Australian standing on top of him; angry Australian in question probably has a comically oversized knife of some sort hidden in at least one of his back pockets..." Filburt broke out into a cold sweat and began nervously stammering, struggling desperately to get back up while Rocko angrily stood atop him with his arms authoritatively crossed over his chest, glaring straight down at him with his eyelids furrowed into a very distinctive V shape and tapping his foot impatiently while Filburt nervously twiddled his fingers and audibly gulped in classic cartoon fashion, with a massive urine stain quickly developing in the crotch area of his pants while Heffer and Hutchison audibly giggled like little schoolgirls in response, causing Filburt's face to also turn bright red, only as a result of embarrassment rather than anger.

"AHM!" Rocko loudly cleared his throat and began speaking in an alarmingly ominous tone.

"Now LISTEN up, fellow, and YOU listen good; me and Heffer have put up with your infuriating

self-centered-ness LONG ENOUGH!" Rocko growled lividly at Filburt, kicking him right in the nose and causing him to piggishly kick and squeal in pain, which in turn caused Heffer to clutch his chest and burst out laughing yet again while Hutchison frightenedly covered her mouth with her hands in shock.

"I'll tell YOU what you 'PROBABLY' have, mister; WAY TOO BLEEDING BIG OF AN EGO, THAT'S WHAT!" Rocko explained angrily to Filburt, backhandedly slapping him across the face and causing him to accidentally spit out his conveniently loose tooth. "We GET it, Filburt; you're happily MARRIED and whatnot! Now, for the love of all that is holy, would you PLEASE just leave us alone for an hour or two?!" Rocko continued, jumping back down off of Filburt's fat belly and grabbing him by the hand so that he could pull the "poor little turtle-dove" back up onto his feet.

"Yeah, I'm sure I WOULD if I only had the luxury of being able to at least somewhat roughly predict exactly WHAT in Harry Hanukkah's good name you two were going to DO in the meantime while I was gone!" Filburt bitterly snarked at Rocko while Heffer poured soy sauce onto his end of the tablecloth and began diligently munching on it, proving Filburt's point even Fuhrer- I mean further while Hutchison concernedly walked over to where Filburt and Rocko were standing and (only mildly fruitfully, mind you) attempted to verbally placate the two of them.

"Now, listen, sweeties, I understand how you feel; you, my precious little turtle-dove!" Hutchison began, reaching in and pinching Filburt's chubby cheeks while Rocko begrudgingly facepalmed himself and shook his head in second-hand shame. "You simply have that overwhelming feeling of euphoria that many of my previous Love-Fever-afflicted patients had back when I actually WAS a professionally licensed doctor, KAY?!" Hutchison very condescendingly and smotheringly explained to Filburt with her trademark horrifically gigantic ear-to-ear grin permanently plastered onto her face as (mostly) always, punctuating the last word of her sentence with a rather freakishly forceful ninety-degree tilting of her rather admittedly mentally questionable head while Heffer set down the tablecloth and let out an obnoxiously loud burp in response, causing everyone else in the room to angrily glare at him for the next few seconds and yell "Excuse YOU!" before finally resuming their conversation.

"Listen, Hutch; I SINCERELY promise that I absolutely NEVER meant to hurt your dear precious Filb-" Rocko began nervously stammering and doing the jazz hands while Hutchison teasingly brandished her hook hand and glared again, once again with that ever-so-creepy slasher smile of hers.

"OH HO HO, don't you worry, I'M not going to do anything to you! Not anything that requires a MEDICAL license, anyway!" Hutchison swung her normal hand down at Rocko like...well, a cat paw and continued gleefully laughing at Rocko's expense while Rocko just once again nervously twiddled his fingers and gulped audibly, having to glare directly up at her due to how short he was. "Trust me, I know your type; you're just another one of those poor jealous VIRGINS I've heard so much about from Filby-Poo!" she continued, sassily placing her hands on her hips.

"W-w-wh-WHAT?!" Rocko stammered in unspeakable shock, the usually invisible blue color of his eyes suddenly becoming sharply visible for emphasis as he stopped dead in his tracks and froze rigidly in place, his fur inexplicably becoming as pale as a vampire's skin while Filburt very humorously knocked him down onto the floor like a bowling pin by lightly pushing against the side of his poor, naive head with his left hand, wrapped his right arm around Hutchison's waist and promptly walked right out the front door of Rocko's house with his rather incongruously lovely new cat wife in tow.

"Rocko, are you okay? Rocko, PLEASE wake up, I'm BEGGING you!" Heffer horrifiedly begged

Rocko, running over to him and lovingly squeezing him around the waist with his arms until the poor little wallaby choked, sputtered and coughed up his pride in the form of a ridiculously large hairball that his own native species wasn't even supposed to be able to produce in the first place. "Oh, thank the LORDS you're okay! I honestly thought I was going to have to EAT you! (Not that I would mind...)" Heffer very fakely cried, sobbed and blubbered like a baby while Rocko walked over into the kitchen and got himself a glass of water.

"HUH? What are you doing, Rocko?" Heffer scratched his butt and asked Rocko curiously as Rocko melodramatically came sprinting back into the dining room at full speed and very unceremoniously picked his hairy, dirty pride back up off of the floor.

"Heffer, my master plan simply will not be able to come together if I don't do this, so please bear with me here, will ya?" Rocko very half-assedly explained as he popped his pride into his mouth and used the water he had just brought with him as a washing-down agent with the help of which to quite literally swallow it, shivering disgustedly and sticking out his tongue from how absolutely disgusting it tasted in the process.

"I don't get it." Heffer said flatly, shrugging his shoulders as Rocko reluctantly swallowed his pride even further and continued so that he could explain his currently borderline-nonexistent plan to him.

"Alright, Heffer; since nothing else's working, what do you say we take the ridiculously excessive loan that Filburt just transferred into my debit card just to rub his success in life into our inferior peasant faces all the more thoroughly and try heading over to the local Con-Glom-O building to see if their laboratory has anything that could be of extremely suspiciously plot-convenient use to us readily available for purchase? Shall we, my dear friend?" Rocko asked Heffer eagerly, to which the bloated imbecile immediately nodded in approval without even having paid the slightest bit of attention to what Rocko had just said.

"Well then, I guess we're off to set right what went wrong in our relationship with Filburt." Rocko sighed dejectedly, waving goodbye to his currently very tightly cage-confined pet dog, Spunky, as he very illogically stuffed his wallet and keys into his shirt and led Heffer straight out the front door and into his nice, big and sparkly new Corvette (that Filburt had also lent him) with him.

"Um, Rocko? Pardon my asking, but HOW exactly do you have such a stupidly fancy new car all of a sudden?" Heffer asked Rocko confusedly as he very painfully squeezed his way into the passenger seat of the car while Rocko slid snugly into the driver seat and opened the car's convertible roof so that the fat cow's ridiculously oversized head would be able to fit, effectively rendering the aforementioned struggle of his completely pointless as a result.

"Simple, Heffer; our so-called FRIEND Filburt is a straight-up textbook-definition Jew and is very, VERY insufferably proud of it." Rocko explained, shooting a soul-piercing death glare over at Filburt while the big fat smart-aleck glanced over at him from his very OWN fancy-pants convertible Corvette and blew an unspeakably snide raspberry at him, prompting Hutchison to once again backhand-slap him across his rather unflatteringly bespectacled face and exclaim "BAD TURTLE! BAD TURTLE!" as the two of them took right off back to Filburt's new house that he had just recently bought after converting merely a small fraction of the positively gargantuan amount of money that he had secretly been keeping stashed away in the more-than-slightly-weirdly existent basement of his former trailer home (the rest of which had naturally been transferred into his ATM savings account) into credit, laughing and kissing each other all the way.

"Man, what a rich son of a Bighead!" Heffer laughed, prompting Mr. Edward Bighead to shoot yet another extremely evil glare at both him and Rocko alike from the OTHER incredibly annoying

yard right next to theirs as he dutifully watered his ever-so-slowly regrowing salmon bushes and then grumpily, crotchetyly shambled his way into his own car and somewhat (scratch that, VERY) reluctantly drove off to work WITH his latest customers.

"You can DEFINITELY say that again..." Rocko sighed and shrugged dejectedly as he and Heffer "excitedly" drove their way over to the local Con-Glom-O headquarters with the incredibly slow and senile driver that Mr. Bighead had already become in the mere Middle Ages of his life in tow; needless to say, quite a lot of frustrated cursing and horn-honking on the local traffic's part ensued.

MEANWHILE, ON FILBURT'S BACKYARD PATIO, WHILE ROCKO AND COMPANY WERE BUSY SORTING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE LOCAL TRAFFIC JAMS...

"So tell me, Filburt; what exactly DO you value most in life besides money and sex?" Hutchison sat relaxedly in her designated metal chair and crossed her smooth and slender bare legs atop the patio table while Filburt lovingly massaged her feet and reapplied the missing bits of rosy-red nail polish onto her dainty little toenails, developing a rather noticeable protrusion in the crotch area of his pants in the process.

"Mastur- err, I mean, YOU of course! That, and also safety, kosher sausages, responsible usage of the Internet (snickers), Hanukkah celebration, counting my coins every night before bed, always remembering to wear my gla(i)sses, becoming famous like Woody Allen (snickers again), crying every single time I watch Schindler's List, pretending not to be gay...you know, basic American stuff." Filburt explained sarcastically, shooting yet another piercing glare at the audience as he lovingly cradled Hutchison in his arms, stroked her gorgeous hair and teasingly fondled her ever-so-scantly-clad breasts and privates for added...AHM..."romantic" effect.

"I'll tell you what I value most in life: being able to swim NAKED with you once we get the swimming pool installed back here! KAY?!" Hutchison snickered merrily, causing Filburt to blush intensely and begin repeatedly stammering "I'm nauseous, I'm nauseous, I'm nauseous" while Hutchison smooched him warmly on the cheek.

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE CON-GLOM-O HEADQUARTERS...

"Hmm...awfully nice DAY we're having, isn't it?" Rocko asked Heffer in an astonishingly deadpan manner as the two of them got out of the former's car and eagerly began walking their way across the parking lot to the Con-Glom-O building while Mr. Bighead grumblingly, hatefully followed suit while a whole multitude of people whose cars had just crashed into each other and formed a great big flaming pile of scrap metal on a nearby sidewalk not terribly far behind him due to his unbearable driving ineptitude furiously shook their fists and yelled at him in the process.

"Oh, SHUT YOUR BLASTED HONKERS, YOU MISERABLE GUTTER TRASH IN THE RANCID, PUTRID, FESTERING SEPTIC TANK OF SOCIETY, WILL YOU?!" Ed Bighead literally screamed his head off at his newly acquired verbal assailants, thoroughly silencing them and causing them to frantically run AWAY screaming as he hunchbackedly reached down and grabbed his disembodied head off of the ground and screwed it tightly back on, then proceeded to audibly simmeringly storm his way directly into the building and through its main entrance lobby into his executive office.

"Geez, what do you think is wrong with him NOW?" Heffer asked Rocko frightenedly as the two also made their way through the main lobby into Mr. Bighead's presentation room.

"Oh, he's just a slimy nasty prick, don't mind him." Rocko sighed as he and Heffer finally reached their destination, where, after a rather brief elevator-music intermission, Mr. Bighead's massive wall-projected face appeared before them in classic Wizard Of Oz style and begun bellowing at

them.

"WHAT IS IT YOU WANT?!" Mr. Bighead yelled ridiculously loudly at his long-time adversaries, coughing up all manner of disgusting snotty phlegm all over the both of them for added effect as he very deja-vu-inducingly broke the fourth wall of his own presentation and reached out with his right arm so that he could grab a particularly insubordinate generic lizard worker of his that just so happened to be frantically crawling around on the walls and ceiling of the room like Spider-Man and pop the poor thing's entire body right into his mouth...but not before stripping literally ALL of said poor thing's clothes off right in front of Rocko's and Heffer's disbelieving eyes, of course!

"Alright, what'd we miss?" Rocko and Heffer sarcastically asked Mr. Bighead as they both quite literally unzipped their eyes back open and very, VERY nervously and helplessly faced him.

"HMPH...nothing much, in all honesty. Come on, follow me; I already know very well what you miserable miscreants are looking for. You're looking for some kind of ridiculously plot-convenient high-tech gadget that'll allow you to break the ICE, so to speak, between the disgustingly deplorable lot of you and your egregiously egomaniacal friend Filburt, aren't you?" Mr. Bighead sighed depressedly, suddenly having a rather reluctant change of his wrinkly, shriveled-up, Grinchy old heart (but ONLY because it was what the immediate situation demanded, mind you) as he finally brought his real self into the room and led Rocko and Heffer through the back door into his privately owned Con-Glom-O "as seen on TV" product laboratory, in which all manner of absolutely ridiculous and useless things were being tested, much to Rocko's and Heffer's dismay but also VERY much to Mr. Bighead's immensely sadistic delight.

"Take a LOVELY gander at all of our MAGNIFICENTLY fine wares, unenlightened cretinous CHEWING-GUM STAINS ON THE SOLES OF THE EARTH'S METAPHORICAL SHOES!" Mr. Bighead UNBELIEVABLY hammily boasted to Rocko and Heffer as the three of them dutifully marched in single file through his ever-so-terrifying mechanical shop of horrors.

"We've got BUNGEE-JUMPING JOCK STRAPS! NINJA LAWN GNOMES! NUCLEAR TOASTERS! LITERAL WASP-HIVE HAIRDOS! SLAP-CHOPS BUT WITH A GREAT BIG RAZOR-SHARP CONCEALED METAL SPIKE BUILT FACE-UP INTO EACH OF THEIR PUMPING MECHANISMS! BUILT-IN CIRCUMCISERS FOR HOUSEHOLD TOILETS! THE CLASSIC BOARD GAME 'OPERATION' BUT WITH LETHALLY ELECTRIFIED RAILS!" Mr. Bighead gleefully listed off just a FEW notable examples of just how ungodly horrific his products really, truly were, gesturing triumphantly at all of the unspeakable testing carnage that was currently happening around him.

(Meanwhile, on the background radio, the closing lyrical paragraph of alternate-universe Radiohead's two-years-earlier-released Paranoid Android was very fittingly playing just to even further emphasize the absolute horror of what was happening around our...ahem...anti-heroes. "The crackle of pigskin; the dust and the screaming; the yuppies networking" indeed.)

"I must not fear; fear is the mind-killer; fear is the little death that brings total obliteration. I shall let it pass through me; I shall let the fear pass right through me, and then only I shall remain..." Rocko meditatively thought to himself, breaking out into an audibly trembling cold sweat and already beginning to frantically nibble away at his fingernails while Heffer just laughed like an idiot.

FINALLY, the three of them reached the back door of the laboratory and entered its top-secret back room, where Mr. Bighead's INCREDIBLY plot-convenient new invention, the Grink Ray (in laymen's terms, Grow/Shrink Ray) could immediately be seen encased in a wondrously shiny glass

case atop an incredibly ornate golden pedestal studded with various types of colored jewels.

"Tell you what, you pathetic witless WHIPPER-SNAPPERS; seeing as how this thoroughly disposable-lizard-clone-tested new invention of mine still hasn't quite reached the phase of being talked about on the local news yet, meaning that me and my fellow workers are literally the only people confirmed to know about its existence at the moment, I've decided to turn over a new lily pad for the time being and allow you to purchase this ever-so-wondrously majestic beauty of scientific technological engineering...all for only ten grand! What say you to THAT wonderfully generous offer, hmm?" Mr. Bighead walked over to the display case and VERY excitedly and animatedly explained to Rocko and Heffer, practically TAP-DANCING in great big circles around said case while doing so.

"Oh, DEAR...hold on a second, there's something I need to take care of real quick..." Rocko stammered somewhat embarrassedly and extremely self-disgustedly at the mere thought of what he was now planning to do, briefly placing his hand over his mouth and gagging repulsedly as he swallowed his pride even further with a great big mighty gulp for the ages.

"Uh...what's the matter, Rocko?" Heffer asked Rocko confusedly, cocking a nonexistent eyebrow at him.

"Oh, trust me, Heffer, you REALLY don't want to know...ooh, I'm not feeling so good...okay, everybody, wait here, I've got some rather URGENT bathroom business to take care of I do say so myself...HURK...HURGH...OOGH!" Rocko dizzily, rather noticeably green-facedly covered his mouth and began painfully retching as he made only the maddest of dashes to the nearest employee restroom and began audibly puking what sounded like at least half of his guts out into the nearest municipal toilet. "THE PANIC, THE VOMIT" indeed.

"Feeling better now, Rocko?" Heffer asked Rocko worriedly as he finally came drowsily stumbling back into the Grink Ray display room, wiping his mouth off with his left hand while carrying a nice big stack of exactly ten just-recently ATM-debit-converted thousand-dollar bills in his right, causing Mr. Bighead's eyeballs to suddenly swell to massive size and cartoonishly bulge right out of his head in extreme shock at how surprisingly easy of access his ever-so-bitterly hated arch-nemesis now had to that kind of money.

"Sure am; well, I mean, except for my pride now being COMPLETELY gone altogether, but believe me, I wouldn't have it ANY other way for what I'm currently planning for me and you to do tonight!" Rocko very ominously explained to Heffer, glancing nervously to the left and right of himself while Mr. Bighead squatted on the floor like a dog and began sticking out his tongue and panting and drooling at the mere sight of how much money Rocko was holding in his hand.

"So, tell me, Rocko; what exactly IS this supposedly unspeakably vile thing that you want us to do tonight again? I don't think I caught it the first time you told me..." Heffer asked Rocko suspiciously, leaning toward him so that the increasingly horny little guy could whisper into his ear.

"Psst psst psst...psst psst...psst..." Rocko stood up on his tiptoes and whispered VERY nervously into Heffer's ear, glancing EXTREMELY frantically around himself to make sure that nobody was currently attempting to eavesdrop on the two of them; needless to say, his plan was so astonishingly gross and kinky that it actually caused Heffer himself to tilt his head just like Hutchison did.

"What if she's camera shy, though?" Heffer asked Rocko embarrassingly loudly.

"SHH!" Rocko hissed angrily, covering Heffer's mouth forcefully with his free hand as he took one



last incredibly paranoid glance around himself before finally walking up to the oh-so-pathetically drooling and barking Mr. Bighead and handing him the ten thousand dollars' worth of money that he was holding, causing him to literally pass out from sheer over-excitement while Rocko and Heffer eagerly seized the opportunity to remove the now-security-disabled glass case from the Grink Ray, snatch it right off of its pedestal and then frantically bolt right out of the building like dirty little thieves before Mr. Bighead could be given the opportunity to change his mind about his admittedly rather bold (and disastrous, as you will most definitely learn soon enough) offer.

"Ambition makes you look pretty ugly; kicking, squealing, Gucci little PIGGY" indeed.

## Chapter 2

### PART 2

LATER THAT NIGHT, AT ABOUT 9:00 PM, BACK AT ROCKO'S HOUSE, IN HIS GARAGE...

"Alright, Heffer, listen up; we're going to be needing a good set of suction cups and rubber suits for the upcoming...ahem...SECRET AGENT MISSION that the two of us are about to embark on tonight, among probably other things as well!" Rocko rather distrustfully explained to Heffer while frantically scrounging through his tool cabinets and toolboxes and slinging out various tools that Heffer reflexively ducked and weaved out of the way of in response.

"Do you think that you can at least be mature and responsible enough to handle them properly for what our plans are, if nothing else?" Rocko asked Heffer increasingly fearfully as the two of them took all of the things that they needed (probably a lot MORE than they needed, actually), obviously including the Grink Ray, and very illogically stuffed them into the tiny little pockets of their hazmat suits as the two of them walked right back out of the garage and into the living room again.

"Uh, SURE, Rocko! TEE HEE!" Heffer giggled like an idiot (which he was considerably more of than you might think, let me tell you), jamming screwdrivers into his nostrils and making them stick out like great big sausages for his own selfish amusement while Rocko just irritably groaned in annoyed disappointment, grabbed him by the hand and dragged him right back out into the front yard with him.

MEANWHILE IN THE LIVING ROOM AT FILBURT'S HOUSE, WHILE ROCKO AND HEFFER WERE BUSY SNEAKING THEIR WAY OVER TO SAID HOUSE...

"Ah, now THIS is the pathetic miserly joke of a life I've always DREAMED of having if I EVER experienced it!" Filburt laughed triumphantly and smugly as Hutchison adorably curled up and fell asleep atop his lap while the two of them leisurely sat on their luxurious black leather couch together and watched television. "MMM, YEAH, RIGHT WHERE I WANT YOU MOST, BABY..."

"Aw, Filbi-Kins, please stop being such a perverted creep, KAY?!" Hutchison giggled sarcastically, tilting her head into a somehow even more exaggerated angle than before and awkwardly twitching her eyes as her neck audibly snapped from the strain that she had just put on it.

"Great SCOTT, sometimes I really DO wonder what in the actual hell is going on in that crazy little head of yours..." Filburt teasingly whispered in her ear, causing her to playfully giggle and squirm against him even more while he began lovingly petting her and stroking her hair.

"It's nothing, KAY?! I'm perfectly fine!" Hutchison teased him, stroking his chin and once again lovingly smooching him on the cheek while Rocko and Heffer crept their way ever-closer to her and Filburt's new pad. For the record, yes indeed; the two of them actually WERE, in fact, wearing hazmat suits in public, and were rather understandably being looked at weirdly and suspiciously by local suburban citizens all the while as a result.

Once Rocko and Heffer had finally reached Filburt's front door, they immediately hid in a nearby bush so that the former of the two could further continue and discuss his current mission briefing.

"Okay, so you ring the doorbell, and then I'll just use this gun here to shrink both of us right down to ant size so that Filburt can no longer see us!" Rocko whispered into Heffer's ear, having thankfully brought walkie-talkies but also having had literally no reason to use them yet at that moment.

"OH! TEE HEE! It's just like DING DONG DITCH!" Heffer began laughing and yelling uproariously, his voice thankfully being muffled by the hazmat suit's breathing filter.

"You bet your RUMP it is, pal! Come on, LET'S GO!" Rocko very excitedly and enthusiastically commanded Heffer as the two of them got onto their tippy-toes and very sneakily approached the aforementioned front door of Filburt's house in a very truly supreme act of dramatic cinematic irony, culminating in the amazingly memorable and exhilarating moment when...Heffer rang Filburt's doorbell?

"OKAY, HIDE, HIDE!" Rocko frantically whispered to Heffer, setting the Grink Ray into SHRINK mode and very quickly firing it first at Heffer, then at himself.

"WHERE? Oh, I GET IT! DURR HURR!" Heffer laughed (AMAZINGLY not sarcastically) as he and Rocko, now shrunk down to almost literally microscopic ant size, eagerly waited for Filburt to get off his lazy arse and open the door.

"Honey, somebody rang the doorbell, KAY?!" Hutchison reminded Filburt as the latter mildly irritatedly pried the former off of himself with all of his might and got back up onto his feet.

"Yeah, sure, and honey also shrunk the kids, what ELSE is new?" Filburt bitterly snarked to himself under his breath as he drowsily walked up to the front door and opened it. "Hello? Who's there?" he exhaustedly rubbed his eyes and groaned as Rocko and Heffer very quickly and thankfully inaudibly came scurrying in between his legs before he could ever even hope to catch sight of them.

"Oh, of course, now I've got my next-door neighbors playing frickin' Ding-Dong Ditch pranks on me, THAT'S what! How INCREDIBLY gosh-darned amusing! HA HA HA!" Filburt began ranting and raving extremely snarkily as he angrily slammed the door (which very clearly had a DO NOT ENTER sign on the front of it, for the record) right back shut and went into the kitchen to make limeade smoothies.

"MAN, it sure is getting HOT in here..." Hutchison flamboyantly teased Filburt, stripping the outer layer of her clothing right off and reducing herself to wearing literally nothing but a skimpy bikini and her even skimpier women's underwear yet again while Filburt teasingly wolf-whistled in response, not even wanting to show her how big of an erection he had already just gotten while Rocko and Heffer coated the gloves and boots of their hazmat suits with the former's aforementioned household suction cups and did much of the same.

"Oh my GOSH...she's so HUGE now...it's my wet dream come TRUE..." Heffer moaned and drooled in arousal, nearly creaming his pants from the mere imaginary vision (let alone the actual sight) of a woman so incredibly beautiful and "massive" as Hutchison was from his and Rocko's rather admittedly degrading size perspective at the moment as he and Rocko EXTREMELY excitedly approached the couch that Hutchison was currently curled up and sleeping on while they still had the immensely boner-inducing chance.

"Heffer, you'd better believe that an adventurous opportunity of this magnitude only occurs every once in a whole sodding LIFETIME, if that!" Rocko ecstatically exclaimed to Heffer, barely even able to keep his composure from how insanely excited he was as he and Heffer used their suction cups to climb their way up the left leg of the couch, then finally make their way over to Hutchison's

gorgeously outstretched (and just generally gorgeous) bare soles.

"Honey, would you like your limeade martini with 70 percent alcohol by volume or 80 percent?" Filburt cocked an eyeglass over at Hutchison and asked her curiously while Rocko and Heffer were busy climbing and clambering their way up her incredibly beautiful and arousing (practically) naked body, of which they had already made it all the way up to the breast point.

"80 percent, baby...now excuse me while I insert my earbuds and listen to some good old-fashioned classical music on my tape player!" Hutchison yelled loudly (so that Filburt would hear her over the sound of his blender grinding and mashing up the limeade ingredients and imported Rockoco beverage that he had just poured into it), pulling her portable tape player and earbuds literally right out from the gap in-between her boobs while Rocko and Heffer, who were now literally right next to the cat lady's left ear, yelled "NOOOOOO" in response as she forcefully jammed her earbuds into her ears and began playing the prelude song to her mixtape, also known as In The Hall Of The Mountain King.

"OH, DEAR SWEET ZORRO, WHAT ON EARTH ARE WE GOING TO DO?!" Rocko shrieked in panic as he and Heffer frantically clambered their way over Hutchison's ear flap and found themselves standing right there inside the obviously unaware missus' hearing funnel, pondering over the big question of how they were going to remove the earbud from it while Filburt came back to her with the two martinis he had just made, set them down on the coffee table right in front of the couch, and placed a cozy white blanket snugly on top of Hutchison as she continued blissfully napping without a care in the world.

"DUH...get STRONG, I guess?" Heffer suggested in a profoundly caveman-like manner, shrugging his shoulders and throwing his arms out beside him to illustrate his profound lack of a better or more sophisticated idea.

"Oh my dear sweet Irwin, OF COURSE!" Rocko exclaimed, a great big lightbulb appearing over his head and shining so brightly that it exploded into pieces as he jumped sideways onto Heffer's chest, grabbed him by the shoulders and ever-so-ecstatically-and-relievedly shook the living crap out of him "HEFFER, YOU'RE A BLOODY GENIUS!"

"For...for REAL?" Heffer whimpered, breaking out into only the most absolutely adorably awkward of smiles as his eyes watered up and began weeping with sheer joy.

"No, silly, we just have a very important PRODUCT PLACEMENT to make if I do say so myself!" Rocko chuckled smugly as he and Heffer each pulled out a great big can of Popeye-brand spinach from their pockets and ate the whole damned thing in one big hearty gulp, causing their arm and chest muscles to suddenly grow to gargantuan proportions!

"Repeat after me: AN EARBUD IS AN EARBUD AND THAT'S ALL IT'LL EVER BE!" Rocko and Heffer ever-so-boisterously chanted in unison, making hilariously exaggerated muscle-straining noises that sounded more like constipation noises than anything else as they each grabbed on tightly to Hutchison's left earbud and began pulling and lifting with all of their combined might, until FINALLY it was going... going...GONE!

"GAH! This is what I absolutely HATE about earbuds, let me tell you; THEY ALWAYS fall out!" Hutchison sprung right back up into regular sitting position (just as Rocko and Heffer were already tumbling straight through the now-fully-exposed outer opening into her ear canal) and angrily lamented her headphone brand for its extreme incompetence regarding earbuds as she immediately stuffed her left one right back in and waited eagerly for it to transition over into the next song on her playlist...which of course, was none other than Blue Danube.

"WOW...it's so BEAUTIFUL!" Heffer gasped in amazement at the sight of Hutchison's repulsively thick and revoltingly elaborate stalactite and stalagmite formations of hairy, nasty, occasionally even OOZING AND DRIPPING earwax, his jaw wide open in sheer wonderment at the fact that he was now literally (AND unbeknownstly, allegedly) inside someone else's ear canal, AND with classical music playing in the background.

"Look, you can even see her HEARING VEINS!" Heffer exclaimed in childlike wonder, suddenly catching sight of a literal wax SCULPTURE that was fashioned directly after classical Greek ones, right down to the whole "artistic" nudity part (yes, for the uninitiated, that means his penis was indeed showing).

"Hey, look, there's that good old 'Neoclassical Elizabethan Buildup' that Dr. Bendova kept telling you about! Wonder if she got it from listening to so much classical music all the time?" Heffer rambled rather disturbingly fascinatedly to Rocko, who was already turning green in the face and trying desperately not to puke from what he could already see embedded into Hutchison's ear flesh all around him and his dearly beloved bestie.

"Heffer, get out your crowbars and be quick about it." Rocko very flatly told Heffer, already almost completely petrified in terror after his sudden realization that Hutchison's music, combined with his and Heffer's recent (not to mention VERY unwelcome) arrival inside the poor lass' hearing canal, had just woken up a nice big nest-like swarm of ear mites that were more than likely going to try and EAT the two of them!

"So anyway, tell me, my dear sweet kitty-kins; do you ever feel this sudden ITCH in a place where you REALLY shouldn't be feeling it?" Filburt asked Hutchison quizzically, wrapping his arm around her gently as the local news station went over probably O-Town's hundredth attempted murder/suicide in the past week. "Like, a 'my mind's telling me no, but my body's telling me yes' type of deal, perhaps?"

"Yeah, but not in my PRIVATE parts like YOU'RE suggesting, you silly GOOSE; rather, it's in my EAR!" Hutchison groaned rather whinily, trying desperately to resist the urge to stick her finger in there and scratch it.

"HEFFER, QUICKLY, PULL OUT YOUR DUAL CROWBARS WHILE I PULL OUT MY METAL BASEBALL BAT!" Rocko desperately commanded Heffer in hopes of ensuring their survival.

"Well, how about a wet WILLIE for old time's sake, then?" Filburt chuckled merrily, wetting his finger with saliva and briefly removing Hutchison's left earbud so that he could forcefully jam said finger into the corresponding ear canal of hers, prompting a rather understandable "YUCK" from her and also pushing the mites even deeper into her ear, at which point they immediately begun swarming and attacking Rocko and Heffer!

"BATTER UP, BITCH BOY!" Rocko yelled furiously as the first mite of MANY lunged straight at him with its fang-like legs and attempted to latch onto his head, prompting him to smash its basically nonexistent face in with a great big horizontal swing of his bat, then disgustingly bloodily and gorily smash it into pieces with several vertical ones.

"LEAVE! MY! FUCKING! DOG! ALONE!" Rocko yelled valiantly with each downward smash.

"THE WRONG PLACE IN THE RIGHT MAN CAN MAKE ALL THE WORLD IN THE DIFFERENCE!" Heffer yelled so ridiculously angrily that he actually forgot which order to logically utter his words in as he went on a murderous rampage with his dual-wielded crowbars, smashing every last mite (especially the ones that dared to stand in his way) in one fell sweep

(more like one HUNDRED, but you get the idea regardless).

This incredibly gross and violent charade went on like this for at least an entire minute (if not a solid minute and a half) while Hutchison VERY conveniently imagined that it was seriously just her antibodies finally stepping into action against the vile parasitic beasts that dwelt in her hearing organ (is if THEY were actually capable of doing THAT; honestly, however, you can't really blame her for thinking such a thing in a show like this one).

Finally, once Rocko and Heffer were down to the last two mites, Rocko hit the poor unfortunate host's aforementioned Neoclassical Elizabethan earwax statue clean in half by striking it horizontally across the lower abdomen with his bat, prompting him and Heffer to each take their very own respective half of the ridiculously hardened work of art and smash one of the last two remaining bugs into roadkill with it.

"EAT THIS, WRETCHED ABOMINATION!" Rocko yelled valiantly as he swung the lower half of Hutchison's earwax statue straight down (holding it by the ankles, naturally) and smashed his designated "last bug" so ridiculously hard with it (with the statue's groin, no less) that it completely imploded, splattering various different types of grisly guts and bug juice all OVER the place while Heffer readied himself for his OWN grand finisher.

"NOW DO YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU FUCK A STRANGER IN THE EAR, HAIRY?!" Heffer yelled maniacally as he also swung the upper half of Hutchison's earwax statue straight down (holding it by the abdomen, of course) and smashed HIS designated "last bug" with it, leaving the entire surrounding area around him and Rocko completely splattered and dripping with a mixture of bug juice, bug ORGANS, earwax, and probably kangaroo vomit a few seconds later as well, judging from the rate at which Rocko's stomach was currently going.

"Hold on a second, Heffer; now I REALLY don't feel so good...just gimme a sec- a sec- BLEEEAUUGH!" Rocko briefly slipped off his hazmat helmet, grabbed the rotting corpse of a nearby dead ear mite and blood-curdlingly painfully heaved his guts into it.

"See, Rocko? THIS is why us Nah-Teev Ahmer-Eekans ALWAYS get vaccinated BEFORE stuff like this can happen to us!" Heffer laughed uproariously at poor, POOR Rocko's expense, causing him to roll his eyes like never before as he and Heffer more-than-slightly reluctantly approached Hutchison's beautifully pearly and shiny eardrum.

"Never mind, the itch is all better now, KAY?!" Hutchison laughed ungodly relievedly, swinging her head into yet ANOTHER ninety-degree angle (while Rocko and Heffer clung for dear life onto her ear hair) as she and Filburt gluttonously guzzled down their ridiculously strong alcoholic beverages and made their way upstairs into the bedroom.

"Well, okay then...let's just hope my kosher weiner syndrome also gets better by the time we reach the bedroom..." Filburt very awkwardly joked, blushing from ear to ear in the process.

"Your WHAT?" Hutchison cocked an eyebrow at Filburt and asked him roughly just-as-awkwardly while Rocko and Heffer curiously pondered over how and what with they were going to get past Hutchison's extremely sensitive eardrum without being noticed.

"Rocko, hurry, COVER YOUR EARS!" Heffer frantically shook Rocko by the shoulder and warned him (in a very faintly whispering tone of voice, so as to avoid being heard by Hutchison) as Filburt, absolutely ENRAGED at how incredibly stupid Hutchison was (much like how Rocko was utterly AMAZED by the fact that Heffer actually WAS, in fact, smart enough to realize which of Hutchison's ears Filburt's voice was coming into her head through), huffed, puffed, and blew the primary defensive gate to the poor kitten's central nervous system RIGHT down.

"MY ERECTILE FUCKING DYSFUNCTION, ASS-FOR-BRAINS!" Filburt removed Hutchison's left earbud and screamed so ridiculously loudly into the corresponding ear of hers that it not only broke almost every window on the first floor but also COMPLETELY shattered her poor defenseless eardrum into jagged, bloody pieces, giving Rocko and Heffer the perfect opportunity to slip right through the newly made opening into her middle ear, where they then made their way into her even MORE sensitive and delicate inner ear!

"OH MY GAWD, SWEETIE, ARE YOU OKAY?!" Filburt gasped in shock, lovingly tending to Hutchison's violently bleeding ear with a handkerchief and washing it out with soap, water and various disinfectants in the bathroom while Rocko and Heffer leapt directly into her cochlea/semicircular system and were sucked straight through it as if it were some kind of anatomical water slide, causing Hutchison to groggily and dizzily sway back and forth as she tightly clutched the left side of her head in almost-unbearable pain. "Don't worry, sugar-pie, this is how cartoon ears are supposed to already be by default..." he disturbingly calmly reassured her as Rocko and Heffer finally reached the very thing that they had REALLY been waiting so eagerly to see all this time...Doctor Pauline Maurice Hutchison-Shellbach The First's brain, in both the flesh AND the equally beautiful and delicious skull bone!

## Chapter 3

### PART 3

IN FILBURT'S BEDROOM, WITH FILBURT AND HUTCHISON LAYING BLISSFULLY TOGETHER ON THE FORMER'S QUEEN-SIZED BED WITH STAR-OF-DAVID-SHAPED PILLOWS, AS HUTCHISON'S TAPE PLAYER PROMPTLY SWITCHED ITSELF OVER TO "CUCKOO IN THE WOODS"...

"Filburt, dear, may I please ask you something?" Hutchison reluctantly asked Filburt as the two of them nakedly crossed their arms behind their heads (yes, in case you were wondering, Filburt had just then taken off his shell) and laid face-up side-by-side underneath Filburt's very unsubtly Jewish-star-patterned bedsheets, which now undeniably smelt just like her.

"Sure, why not? Every day you discover something brand new, as they always say; by the way, did I happen to mention that I'm in LOVE with your body, to the point where I even have every single shape of every individual part of it photographically memorized?" Filburt teasingly (and rather profoundly stalkerishly) asked Hutchison, prompting Hutchison to VERY justifiedly bitch-slap his sorry stupid ass right across the face, n-(African American).

"Anyway, as what you just said to me has already IMMENSELY reminded me, do you ever feel as if maybe, perhaps, just MAYBE, our dear and beloved God stays up there in Heaven," Hutchison asked, pointing straight up into the sky, "because he, too, lives in fear of what he has created?"

"Mostly just whenever I read brain-fetish fanfictions." Filburt replied flatly, violently shaking his head in a desperate attempt to repress his woefully traumatic memories OF said fanfictions.

"Wait a minute...brain-fetish fanfictions...is...IS THAT WHAT I'M BEING MADE THE VICTIM OF RIGHT NOW?! OH, DEAR GOD, IT REALLY IS, ISN'T IT?!" Hutchison gasped and covered her mouth in shock, the pupils of her alarmingly wide-open eyes suddenly becoming nearly microscopic dots even despite how dimly lit the bedroom was as she suddenly began to quite possibly realize what was REALLY going on here (inside her head, to be exact).

"You BET it is, mister!" Heffer laughed uproariously as he and Rocko clambered their way up the outer frontal lobe of Hutchison's suddenly powerfully electrified brain, once again thanking the lord for their shock-proof rubber suits as they finally reached the very tip-top of her now-completely-defenseless cerebral cortex.

"Oh, come on, you're just IMAGINING things; it's all in your HEAD!" Filburt chuckled smugly, slapping Hutchison forcefully on the back in truly classic "father pulling son's leg" fashion as Hutchison audibly gulped and trembled on the bed, with her arms widely outstretched beside her and her pupils STILL constricted into nearly invisible dots as Rocko and Heffer finally found the secret entrance hatch atop her brain and jumped right in without even a single care in the world for what they could potentially do to the poor nurse's mental health (well, at least as far as Heffer was concerned; Rocko, on the other hand, was naturally just about as shitlessly scared as you can probably imagine, and also just about as much so as his poor head-intrusion VICTIM was, for that matter...)

(One obnoxiously long "WHEEEEEEE" from Heffer as he and Rocko gleefully and somewhat terrifiedly slid their way through the shockingly exhilarating secret-entrance tube slide that just so happened to be built right into Hutchison's brain later...)



"My GOD, Heffer, would you BELIEVE it?! THIS IS IT! THIS IS REALLY IT! DOCTOR PAULINE THEODORE MAURICE HUTCHISON-SHELLBACH EASTWOOD THE FIRST FELINE LADY'S BEHAVIORAL CONTROL CENTER!" Rocko screamed in both absolute terror and thoroughly fascinated amazement at the same time, twirling around on his heels, placing the back of his hand across his forehead and nearly passing out from sheer over-excitement (not to mention sexual arousal from how scrumptiously spongy and wrinkly her brain most certainly was indeed).

"Couldn't you just call it...oh, you know, Hutch's BRAIN?" Heffer asked him.

"Meh, it wouldn't entertain the viewers even NEARLY as much." Rocko admittedly somewhat embarrassedly shrugged his shoulders and replied as he and Heffer stared in awe at the astonishingly beautiful network of neurons and synapses contained within Hutchison's breathtakingly glorious central nervous system.

"Come on, let's take care of...AHM...business, shall we?" Rocko sighed, grabbing Heffer by the arm and dejectedly dragging the poor fat bastard along behind him as the two of them alarmingly quickly approached the massive central control (super)computer that also just so happened to be built right into Hutchison's brain (lodged into her frontal lobe, to be exact), only to find, much to their dismay when they attempted to turn the damned thing on, that there was a great big VIRUS ALERT message flashing on the screen!

"Ooh, does this mean we get to play Dr. Mario?" Heffer asked Rocko excitedly.

"NO, YOU DAMNED FOOL, IT MEANS THAT THERE'S YET ANOTHER GOD-DAMNED PARASITE LIVING IN HERE, FOR FUCK'S EVER-LOVING SAKE!" Rocko once again leapt sideways onto Heffer's chest, shook him violently by the shoulders and yelled at him in frustration...only to immediately stop dead in his tracks, with him and Heffer both diluting their pupils into ludicrously tiny little dots as the inside of Hutchison's brain began to short-circuit and vibrate intensely due to that very same parasite's presence within it while the music that was being transmitted directly into Hutchison's brain through her earbuds suddenly switched straight from Cuckoo In The Woods to the Moonlight Sonata Third Movement.

"I like to eat my unborn chicken voices with disembodied frog scrotum while sucking on purple lemons, KAY?!" Hutchison involuntarily crossed her eyes in mismatched directions, wildly swung her razor-sharp hook hand all over the place and nonsensically rambled to Filburt, who was already horrifiedly trembling underneath his blanket (admit it, you would be too), then tilted her head and ear-piercingly shrieked the last word of her sentence RIGHT at the EXACT moment at which the aforementioned parasite bursted out from the inner floor of her brain!

"GYAAAHHH!" Rocko and Heffer alike both screamed in such utterly pants-shitting horror that their OWN brains (along with their eyeballs) literally popped right out from their heads, then took off running like they had NEVER taken off running before!

"You work in Saddam Hussein's rainbow-colored chocolate factory in Heaven, right? Does that not make you a HYPOCRITE?" Hutchison merrily, cross-eyedly sang, buck-nakedly chicken-dancing and cartwheeling all around (and across) the room while the parasite (which was actually a giant HOOKWORM, by the way, as if THAT makes any sense whatsoever outside of the obvious pun context) burrowed itself ravenously into her logic center.

"You know, I ENJOY severe head pain; it's like a good Chinese dinner shared with a blind, deaf, birth-defected, wheelchair-bound, African Asian American Icelandic Australian, furry, autistic, trans, hermaphrodite, Republican, feminist, poly-gender-queer ostrich with only one testicle, three nipples, two vaginas and every single fetish in the entire known universe!" Hutchison tilted her

head into all KINDS of absurd directions, did jumping jacks and backflips and Michael Jackson twirls/moonwalks (oh my) every which way that she knew how and began rambling her head off (although thankfully not LITERALLY this time) as the worm made its way through her neural network and attacked her social justice moderation center with all of its might.

"Oh, for CRYING OUT LOUD, Hutchison, WHAT IN THE ACTUAL SEVEN NAMES OF FUCK ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!" Filburt yelled irritatedly at Hutchison, briefly bringing her back into reality and loosening the worm's grip on her poor, poor brain as it eagerly readied itself to fly straight toward Rocko and Heffer with its mouth as wide open as it could possibly go and straight-up devour them both in one fell gulp.

"Okay, this is it, Heffer; MAKE MY BICYCLE AIR PUMP GROW!" Rocko yelled at Heffer (so that his voice wouldn't be drowned out by the sound OF said full-blast motorized air engine, which he had somehow miraculously plugged into one of the numerous wall-sockets contained within Hutchison's brain and turned on at the EXACT same moment at which Hutchison had pulled out a fully revved-up chainsaw from underneath Filburt's bed and sent him frantically running out of the house, screaming at the tops of his ever-loving lungs and desperately dialing 911 all the way) as he coated the entire tube-shaped metal nozzle of the device with the world's strongest superglue (luckily still having their big, bulky muscles from before, naturally) while Heffer used the Grink Ray to make the device EXACTLY big enough so that its nozzle would fit perfectly into the creature's gaping, ravenous, completely mindless maw.

"SUCK ON THIS, DICKHEAD!" Rocko and Heffer both yelled in unison, holding on tightly to the device's now-massive nozzle and aiming it directly at the hookworm's mouth; of course, naturally, by instinct, the hookworm attacked the nearest moving and noise-making thing that it saw, which in this case WAS, in fact, the nozzle!

"Look out, Heffer; this ain't going to be pretty..." Rocko nervously warned Heffer, once again turning sickly green around the gills at the mere THOUGHT of what was undeniably about to happen as the worm, with its mouth now hopelessly stuck onto the nozzle of the loudly roaring and vibrating device, became progressively more swelled-up and inflated...and more...and more...and more...until finally...FINALLY...

KA-BLAM!

The worm burst from over-inflation in classic Dig Dug style and violently exploded into a literal shit-storm of gooey worm guts and alien juice all over both Rocko and Heffer AND the inside of Hutchison's brain itself, thankfully restoring her mental faculties back to (relatively) normal as our so-called "heroes" unplugged the device and returned it back to their hazmat suit pockets but also bringing the police straight to Filburt's front door and causing both Heffer and Rocko alike to (also violently) blow chunks all over the floor OF said brain!

"OH, DEAR! BAD ME, BAD ME!" Hutchison (who had already followed Filburt halfway across the house in the form of interpretive tap-dance, grinning her trademark slasher grin all the while) gasped in shock at the very sight of the running chainsaw in her hands, immediately shutting it off and stuffing it right back under Filburt's bed.

"Well, THAT was certainly something." Rocko and Heffer both exhaustedly whispered to each other in unison as they both fainted head-over-heels onto the floor (of Hutchison's brain) and passed out for the next roughly five minutes or so in a fit of post-traumatic stress disorder while Hutchison finally took out her earbuds and put the tape player away once and for all.

ABOUT SIX MINUTES LATER, AFTER FILBURT HAD FINALLY FINISHED EXPLAINING HIMSELF TO THE POLICE AND THEY HAD FINALLY FINISHED CONFIRMING THAT

THERE WAS, IN FACT, NO LONGER ANYTHING WRONG...

"Alright, Hutchy, whaddaya say we make some of that good old hot, steaming, birds-and-the-bees LOVE to each other tonight?" Filburt teasingly asked Hutchison, reaching underneath the covers of his bed and sensually fondling her boobs and causing her to loudly squeal and giggle "THAT TICKLES" in response while Rocko and Heffer immediately hacked their way into Hutchison's central control computer with only THE absolute most malicious Cheshire Cat grins that you could possibly imagine for the given situation plastered onto their faces from ear to ear.

"Heffer? Let me ask you something, and let me ask it REAL GOOD: Are you thinking what I'M thinking of doing with good old Hutch's thinking muscle right now?" Rocko asked Heffer in a rather ominously seedy and perverted tone, already drooling luridly at the mouth while Heffer also did much of the same.

"Huh? Whaddayahowa?" Heffer shrugged his shoulders and absentmindedly pretended not to have been listening.

"ARE YOU GAY OR ARE YOU NOT, HEFFER? IT'S A VERY FUCKING SIMPLE QUESTION!" Rocko yelled infuriatedly at Heffer's (fake) incompetence while Heffer nervously bit his lip and trembled in sexually confused fear, not quite knowing HOW to answer Rocko's question himself.

"Well, umm...I guess you could say...well...um...uh..." Heffer nervously stammered and fidgeted, twiddling his fingers together and mockingly muttering "heh heh, OH MY" to himself.

"FOR CRYING OUT LOUD, SNAP OUT OF IT, YOU GOD-DAMNED BLOATED, BRAINLESS, BLITHERING BUFFOON, I MEAN FUCK!" Rocko snapped yet again at Heffer, bitch-slapping him RIGHT across the face in glorious slow-motion so that the viewers could extremely vividly see every last miniscule droplet of spit flying out of his mouth.

"Well, I suppose you could say...yes AND no?" Heffer sighed, regretfully blushing bright red in the process as he admitted what he considered one of his deepest, darkest secrets to Rocko.

"Well then, I'm only going to ask it one more time, and one more time only: ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING?" Rocko asked Heffer even MORE eagerly and droolingly than before.

"YOU BET YER GAWSH DAYUM KANGAROO PRO-STATE I AM! YEE-HAW, N-(AFRICAN AMERICANS)! NOW GEET OFFA MAH LAWN BAY FOR AH FAHHER THAYS SUM-BAYETCH!" Heffer pulled out a sawed-off shotgun, played horsey with the assistant passenger's chair for Hutchison's central control computer and yelled at the tops of his lungs, briefly imitating his original Southern Texas accent in a terribly hypocritical mockery of Republicans.

"HEFFER, FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, IF YOU FIRE THAT GOD-FORSAKEN THING IN HERE, IT COULD LITERALLY KILL THIS FUCKING BRAIN'S OWNER! DO YOU WANT THAT? HUH? DO YOU?!" Rocko yelled at the tops of his lungs as he pounced directly onto Heffer and initiated a classic Looney-Toons-style "dust brawl" between the two of them.

"Say...Filburt, did you HEAR something?" Hutchison asked Filburt curiously. "Something related to the true philosophical meanings of algebra, calculus, trigonometry and the entire mathematical universe as a whole, perhaps?"

"Nope, just completely useless bullshit." Filburt snarkily replied as Hutchison suddenly rolled out

of the bed and walked right out of the room. "Hey, where the hell are you going?"

"It's a SURPRISE, you cheeky boy!" Rocko- I mean, Hutchison briefly turned around to face him, winking seductively at him in the process. "You LIKE surprises, don't you? Especially EROTIC ones, I'll bet..." she briefly continued teasing him and then sexily slunk off into Filburt's basement, her beautiful yellow ass bouncing back and forth AND up AND down all the while.

"Somebody please pinch me; I swear to GOD I'm dreaming right now...there's seriously absolutely NO WAY that someone like ME was able to score THIS ludicrously hot of a wife..." Filburt disbelievingly thought to himself, his boner already so big that it was poking right through the top of his underwear by quite a bit.

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

"Look what MOMMY brought home, sweetie!" Hutchison, who was now dressed in a mouthwateringly sexy bondage suit (in which she was still pretty much completely naked except for her newfound nipple rings, black leather combat boots, black leather fishnet leggings AND black leather body straps, as well as her spiky black arm/neck bands), walked back up the stairs into Filburt's bedroom with a great big chest containing pretty much every single sex toy in the book.

"I lie uncorrected." Filburt muttered disbelievingly to himself, his jaw firmly agape as he briefly lowered his glasses and then put them back on, then smacked himself brutally across the face several times to make sure that what he was seeing WAS, in fact, actually real after all.

"Hey, keep doing that, you fucking pathetic bespectacled retard! I LIKE it when you do that, you god-damned miserable Jewish PEST!" Hutchison VERY insensitively laughed and jeered at Filburt, causing Filburt's already rather notably massive boner to grow even further as a result.

"Hutch, you are seriously everything I've EVER dreamed of, you know that?" Filburt VERY awkwardly moaned with pure unadulterated happiness, once again literally weeping from sheer joy as Hutchison continued to slowly but surely advance toward him, now COMPLETELY under Rocko's and Heffer's control.

"KEEP DREAMING, MOTHERFUCKER." Rocko and Heffer both uttered in unison into Hutchison's voice-control microphone with sadistically smug and condescending smirks, at which point Filburt was officially, to say the LEAST, having the absolute best night of his entire life.

## Chapter 4

### PART 4

"So TELL me, Filburt; would you say that you don't...well...DESERVE a wife like me, so to speak?" Hutchison asked Filburt, sitting right next to him on his bed and crossing her (once again mouthwateringly long and slender) legs as she teasingly stretched out her nipples one after the other using a combination of the aforementioned nipple rings and her trusty hook hand.

"Yeah...it APPEARS it's just as my lovely Missus Hutchison SAID..." Filburt began, scratching his chin and hanging his head in shame. "I'm just a PEST...(Rocko and Heffer glance over at each other in a very hypocrisy-realizing fashion as they continue manning Hutchison's behavioral control cockpit)...no, I'm not just a pest, I'm a total fucking PIG!"

"ISN'T THAT RIGHT, MISSUS HUTCHISON?! IF I'M A FUCKING SNIVELING KOSHER PIG, YOU CAN SAY SO!" Filburt suddenly broke out into yet ANOTHER ridiculously massive ear-to-ear smile and began yelling and screaming with masochistic excitement, already reaching straight down underneath his bedsheets with his ever-so-trusty right hand and stroking his delightfully big and scaly blue penis with it.

"Oh no no NO, mister Filburt, I believe you gave your ALL!" Hutchison told Filburt with a rather uncharacteristically mischievous snicker, wrapping her right arm (yes, the hook-handed one) around his neck so tightly it choked him as his face began to turn purple from lack of oxygen.

"H-HEY, WHY AREN'T YOU TEASING ME ANYMORE?!" Filburt yelled angrily at Hutchison as he finally managed to pry her arm off of his neck with his own spindly little arms.

"This fucking guy...he gets OFF on this shit! Probably INCLUDING the erotic asphyxiation!" Rocko suddenly realized as both his and Heffer's faces alike suddenly contorted into the absolute Grinchiest of evil grins...needless to say, they had a horrible idea...an awful idea...a WONDERFUL idea...Rocko and Heffer had a horrible, wonderful, AWFUL idea!

"Do you really think he'll want to do it tonight?" Heffer very ignorantly asked Rocko while Filburt was busy getting a nice big box of condoms from one of his many storage closets downstairs.

"Of COURSE he will; it's like C(L)OCK WORK!" Rocko snickered deviously, causing the both of them to place at least one hand over their mouths and giggle like little schoolgirls while Filburt finally found what he was looking for and grabbed it out of the closet.

"Ladies and gentlemen, YOU are about to witness one of the SEVEN wonders of the world." Heffer very hornily and creepily whispered to the audience while Rocko turned on Hutchison's built-in camera recording system and briefly set it to Cockpit Mode so that said audience could see his and Heffer's faces (and also where they WERE at the moment, in a rather risky move to say the least).

"At about 10:30, eastern standard time, through THESE eye sockets," Heffer explained, causing the camera to briefly switch over to displaying Hutchison's vision screen (in which both of her eyes were conjoined together into one great BIG one) before quickly panning back over to him and Rocko, "our buddy Filburt will be making sweet honeysuckle chocolate-chip love to his dearly beloved new wife Mrs Hutchison."

"And he AIN'T dressed for the OCCASION, if ya KNOW what I MEAN!" Rocko cackled

maliciously while Filburt began making his way back over to the upstairs bedroom.

"Hee hee hee, yup; YOU heard right! He's completely...NAAAKEEED!" Heffer suddenly crooned with delight, his face contorting into probably his most terrifyingly exaggerated and malicious grin yet and showing literally every single one of his front teeth (of which there were MANY, believe me) in the process.

"WITH NO CLOTHES ON!" Rocko leapt onto the scene with brilliantly sparkling anime eyes and shrieked orgasmically with excitement as he and Heffer set the camera to "Mind's Eye" mode so that it would be in third-person view (relative to Hutchison herself) and would automatically get all of the best shots.

"Alright, honey, here I COME!" Filburt warned Hutchison as he just-as-nakedly-as-ever came trudging his way back up the staircase with a great big box of condoms (that neither of them were even going to USE, mind you) in tow and very unceremoniously plopped it right down in the front-right corner of the room.

"Heh heh, he said CUM!" Heffer giggled as Filburt and Hutchison got right down to business.

"Go ahead, get that ball gag on, you fucking miserable, pathetic SKANK!" Hutchison very dominantly commanded Filburt, who very obediently pulled said gag out from his...ahem, "toybox", so to speak, and fastened it over his mouth (and snout) while Hutchison got out his magic chains and used them to chain up his arms and legs to the ceiling and floor, respectively.

"So, you like to call yourself a misogynistic PIG, huh? Well, let's just see how you like being WHIPPED like one, fatass!" Hutchison cackled evilly as she pulled out a black leather whip from the gap in-between her boobs and began fiercely lashing Filburt's naked body from head to toe, leaving considerably more scars than either of them would like to admit.

"OWW! GAHH! HYURRRGH! DEAR GOD, THE PAIN! THE PAAAIN! OH, GOD, IT HURTS...OH, DEAR GOD, IT HURTS SO GOOD...SO GOOOD...OHHH..." Filburt began moaning and screaming with masochistic pleasure, his voice adorably muffled by the ball gag as his penis became ever-so-delightfully long and erect and began eagerly dripping with precum.

"Aww, does it HURT, you god-damned rich spoiled son of a monkey's URETHRA?" Hutchison continued teasing Filburt even further, causing Rocko and Heffer to burst out laughing hysterically as she fiercely heeled him right in the fully exposed groin with the heel of her right combat boot (and then her left one, just for good measure), nearly crushing his poor testicles into paste and causing him to shriek, moan, whimper and cry like a little girl in sheer agonizing pain, then finally whipped his glasses right off, reapplied her rosy-red lipstick and zeroed STRAIGHT in for the kill.

"Hey, what are you do- OHH...OHHHH, YEAH-HAH-HAH-HAH-HAH...WOOHOOHOOHOOHOO...OHHHHHH, MOMMY..." Filburt began stammering in a fit of panic due to his sudden loss of sight, then immediately began moaning with orgasmic arousal as Hutchison got down on her knees and wrapped her thick, supple lips around his deliciously huge, fat and sweaty turtle penis and began sucking and licking it ALL over (even going as far as to DEEPTHROAT herself with it, no less), jerking him off and fondling his balls with her left hand while painstakingly forcefully driving the tip of her hook hand into his nutsack all the while.

"Now do you SEE, my degenerate slave?" Hutchison teasingly asked Filburt as she finally put his glasses back on, unbound him (while still keeping the ball gag on him, thankfully) and lovingly laid him out on her bed. "Do you SEE what happens when you can't CONTROL how often you masturbate?"

"But HONEY, that's just a MYTH!" Filburt tried to say but couldn't due to how tightly the ball gag was fastened onto him as Hutchison began teasingly unzipping her combat boots for him.

"Hmph...let's see what my FEET have to say about that, shall we?" Hutchison laughed diabolically as she EXTREMELY smoothly and seductively slipped her boots right off, revealing her beautiful bare feet yet again as she got out a box of filthy cat litter and a great big tub of mud from the toolbox and immediately dragged Filburt right over to the latter so that she could perhaps teach him a lesson yet again.

"GO ON, OINK FOR ME, YOU FUCKING BLOATED LECHEROUS HOG! OINK!" Hutchison gritted her teeth and furiously commanded Filburt, forcefully dunking and slamming his entire face into the tub of mud as if he were a literal pig.

"OINK! OINK! OINK!" Filburt muffledly screamed with each dunk.

"BULLSHIT, YOU DIDN'T CONVINCE ME! SAY IT LOUDER!" Hutchison commanded Filburt even more infuriatedly than before, smacking him across the face with a frying pan and briefly removing his ball gag so that she could force his mouth open as wide as it could possibly go.

"OINK! (GLUG!) OINK! (GLUG!) OINK!" Filburt shrieked and gasped for air, swallowing a rather unhealthy amount of mud in the process as Hutchison thankfully refastened his ball gag.

"How's THIS for being treated like the fucking fat, greedy PIG that you are? HMM?!" Hutchison laughed downright savagely as she laid the already-exhausted Filburt out on the floor and poured a good half of the tub's entire contents all over his entire naked body as he helplessly squirmed and writhed in disapproval (yet also immense fetishistic APPROVAL at the same time, strangely enough), prompting Hutchison to completely remove the bondage suit altogether and also pour the other half of the mud tub all over her OWN completely naked body.

"Oh, dear god, how am I going to wash all of this shit OFF before tomorrow morning?" Filburt horrifiedly asked Hutchison in a fit of panic...but alas, thanks to the ball gag, Hutchison still couldn't hear him.

"Well, I guess you could say I'm putting those literal GALLONS of beverages we drank today to rather GOOD USE!" Hutchison giggled smugly as she opened her vagina REAL wide with her fingers and let out a massive, salty, bright yellow stream of steaming, boiling-hot piss that went on for over thirty entire seconds all over Filburt's entire mud-coated body, scalding his skin but also completely melting the mud right off of him as his expensive mattress was covered with a metric SHIT-ton of dirt and urine.

"Hey, what the hell are you doing NOW?" Filburt looked over at Hutchison and muffledly asked her as she walked over to the aforementioned bucket of filthy cat litter and began stomping it like grapes with her bare, sweaty, smelly, already-unwashed-for-quite-some-time feet until the smell coming off of them was literally VISIBLY pungent.

"Oh, nothing; just getting myself READY for you, darling!" Hutchison chuckled as she returned the mud and the cat litter back into the toolbox where they belonged and retook her place right next to Filburt on the bed, making him EXTREMELY glad that his nose had been sealed shut by the ball gag to say the least as he very literally and VERY audibly swallowed his pride, took said ball gag right off, desperately held his breath and dug right in...with his tongue.

"AH...SWEET, SWEET REVENGE..." Rocko and Heffer relievedly, pantingly thought to themselves, already reaching into the thankfully unzippable crotch areas of their suits and gleefully

tugging on their dicks, their faces turning bright red with arousal and sweating so much that it actually had to be drained out through their suits' draining systems as Filburt reluctantly began licking Hutchison's entire mud-coated, disgusting-smelling naked body clean from head to toe.

"THIS is for fucking DESTROYING my EARDRUM!" Hutchison roared furiously at Filburt, slashing him viciously across the face with her razor-sharp, blood-red fingernails as he fervently began cleaning her thoroughly defiled and demented head with his tongue, even going as far as to teasingly flick it into her ears, erotically lick her eyeballs, munch wholesomely on her scraggly and mud-caked hair, eat the blown-out slimy brown boogers from her nose and passionately, steamily french-kiss her while doing so.

"AH, YOU GOD-DAMNED STUPID SEXY ASSHOLE, YOU...WHAT WOULD I EVER DO WITHOUT YOU?" Hutchison moaned ecstatically as the two of them gleefully twisted their tongues together like the iconic spaghetti noodles from Lady And The Tramp, causing Rocko and Heffer to blush even MORE intensely and second-hand-embarrassedly than before as Filburt moved his way down to Hutchison's torso and midsection, from which the fun only CONTINUED to escalate!

"So, you're in love with my BODY and have the exact curvature of every single one of my shapes memorized by HEART, do you? Well then, go ahead and PROVE it, you son of a bitch!" Hutchison chuckled smugly as Filburt lovingly sucked the sweaty, linty dirt from her bellybutton, sucked and sucked and sucked on her tits until nice warm "chocolate" milk came spurting out from them into his gaping, ravenous maw, licked up and down her incredibly slim and sexy back and waist like there was no tomorrow, teasingly licked her vagina as foreshadowing for what was to come next, and even (very ravishingly, I might add) ate out the inside of her muddy asshole WHILE she was taking a shit just for good measure.

"Come on, my lovely turtle-dove, say CHEESE!" Hutchison giggled uproariously as Filburt (whose face had already gone from purple to dark blue in a matter of SECONDS) humiliatedly opened up his mouth and smiled from ear to ear, unknowingly showing off his repulsive shit-dripping teeth to the entire shockingly large portion of the general public that would later end up watching his very first sex tape (not necessarily the first time he's HAD sex, per se; just the first TAPE. We don't want people thinking I'm just stereotyping Jews by calling them dickless virgins, now do we?).

"My, MY; you really are an awfully NAUGHTY boy, aren't you?" Hutchison sexily teased Filburt, causing Rocko and Heffer to nearly break down entirely and roll on the floor laughing as Filburt (who was literally about to pass out from lack of oxygen) licked up and down her deliciously long, smooth and slender legs as if they were giant chicken drumsticks, taking great care to suck on her plump, juicy thighs as much as Jewishly, turtly possible in the process while she just "covered" her mouth with her hook hand and giggled infectiously in response.

"Alright, mister; last but not least, on my feet you shall FEAST!" Hutchison rhymed adorably as she forcefully jammed her left foot RIGHT up against Filburt's nostrils, already causing his face to turn absolutely, positively GREEN with disgust from its sheer putrid stench as he exasperatedly gasped for air.

"NO, PLEASE, GOD, NO, ANYTHING BUT THAT!" Filburt desperately got down on his hands and knees and begged like a dog, even though Hutchison could very clearly see the already-raging stiffie that he was rapidly developing just from the mere sight of her otherwise-gorgeous feet alone while Rocko and Heffer laughed themselves to tears at his hilariously pathetic expense.

"Filburt, for fuck's sake, you are GOING to fucking service your master's royal feet or else I'm



afraid I'm going to have to fucking CIRCUMCISE you!" Hutchison yelled furiously at Filburt, reaching into the toolbox, pulling out a massive pair of serrated hedge shears and brandishing them, with an absolutely PANTS-SHITTINGLY horrifying smile plastered onto her face as always.

"Well, when you say it like that, I guess I HAVE to..." Filburt sighed, swallowing his formerly ridiculously excessive pride even further and briefly removing his glasses as Hutchison brutally stomped and smothered his entire face with her bare, filthy, reeking feet, pressing her soles ridiculously deeply into his face and causing his stomach to quite literally turn in his chest as he regretfully licked up and down the heels, balls, arches and every part in-between of her beautiful feet, his tongue shriveling up from the wondrously awful taste as his nose shriveled up and BLED (with his eyes also VERY plentifully watering) from the unspeakably foul and repulsive smell that Hutchison's feet gave off.

"Who's the sucker NOW, hmm?" Hutchison ever-so-teasingly asked Filburt, making a wonderfully ironic comeback TO him as he slavishly sucked and sucked and sucked on Hutchison's wholesomely plump and beautiful (and reeking) toes until he couldn't suck no more.

"Hey, look; now you can literally see your own REFLECTION in them!" Hutchison giggled ecstatically, proudly displaying her disgustingly saliva-dripping (but otherwise squeaky-clean), orgasmically shiny soles to Filburt as he gleefully licked the tops of her feet until they were also much of the same.

"Hmm...you know, I dunno about you, but personally, I believe there's still just ONE more job for me to do here..." Hutchison playfully teased Filburt, wiggling her toes and pressing her left foot gently but assertively against the poor turtle's firmly erect penis, curling her toes around the shaft to make her intentions even more painstakingly obvious as she sexily, suavely lowered her eyelids at him.

"Um...OH MY! Heh heh...well, BE MY GUEST, I suppose!" Filburt laughed and snorted ador(k)ably, re-applying his glasses as Hutchison lovingly wrapped her lovely, lovely feet around Filburt's sweaty, dripping shaft and began giving him the footjob of a lifetime.

"OH, MAN...I literally couldn't even BEGIN to tell you how much I've always wanted Rocko to do this EXACT same thing to me..." Filburt retrospectively moaned in arousal as Hutchison erotically, passionately stroked his dick up and down ad nauseum with her feet while Rocko raised his nonexistent eyebrows and VERY sarcastically nodded his head, with him and Heffer also looking over at each other and copying each other's movements just for added emphasis.

"OH, DEAR GOD, THANK YOU SO FUCKING MUCH! I THINK I'M GOING TO CRY!" Filburt screamed and cried in a fit of pure unadulterated orgasmic joy as Hutchison shoved his dick directly into her extremely absorbent...well, PUSSY right at the exact moment when it erupted like a volcano.

"Now now, don't you GO anywhere, kiddo; Mommy says it's time for SUPPER!" Hutchison laughed maniacally as Filburt, using her beautifully spread-eagle-positioned legs as handles, brought his mouth QUITE a bit further into Hutchison's vagina, to the point where he was straight-up eating her out.

"AHH...you're such a wonderfully obedient child, you know that?" Hutchison lovingly, relaxedly smiled and sighed with relief as Filburt licked all the way into her soon-to-be-pregnant uterus with his tongue, causing her to grip the bed ridiculously tightly with her extremely sharp-clawed hands and moan and shriek ear-piercingly loudly with orgasmic delight as her vagina violently quaked and squirted what appeared to be roughly half a cup's worth of minty-fresh estrogen all over his joyfully disbelieving face, of which he proudly licked his lips and went "MMM MMM MMM"

immediately thereafter.

"Alright, now for the REAL grand finale, mister...do you know what a dildo is?" Hutchison asked Filburt curiously, (hopefully) mistakenly assuming him to have been a complete hopeless virgin prior to this night.

"Um, YES?!" Filburt squealed with excitement, once again squatting and panting like a dog atop the bed, even going as far as to VERY suggestively point directly into his gluttonously drooling mouth with his index finger, to which Hutchison (and Rocko, and Heffer) responded with hysterical laughter (which Filburt, for all of his supposedly genius-level intelligence, luckily failed to realize was actually being done AT him rather than WITH him).

"Well, HERE IT IS, my love!" Hutchison laughed insanely, reaching into the toybox, pulling out a great big purple dildo and nothing-short-of-positively-ecstatically fastening its strap around her waist as she excitedly clambered right back up onto the bed, to which Filburt immediately got down on his slavishly obedient hands and knees and turned his back directly to her in response, spanking his plump, juicy, bare ass with his hands just to add even further to the teasing effect.

"Come and GET it, sister!" Filburt laughed maniacally, grabbing the sides of his anal opening with his hands and spreading his ass cheeks for Hutchison, who then immediately proceeded to penetrate his buttohole with extreme anti-Semitic prejudice.

"Wow, Filburt; what an incredibly big, meaty, kosher ASS you have!" Hutchison lovingly complimented Filburt, who could already feel his butt tearing as his eyes began to water.

"All the better to PLEASE you with, my dear!" Filburt moaned in both pain AND simultaneous pleasure FROM the pain as he pushed against Hutchison's force, wanting nothing more than simply to PLEASE Hutchison.

"RAWWRRRR!" Hutchison roared mightily as she filled Filburt's fil-butt with her love, feeling his very own ever-so-delightfully-warm-and-succulent anal juices trickling down the dildo's rubber shaft as Filburt, somehow swallowing his pride even further STILL, turned around and grabbed the dildo with his hands, MORE than ready to suck on it like a literal baby bottle.

"Aww, now THAT'S what I call my sweet little misogynistic self-centered Republican BABY!" Hutchison VERY maliciously teased Filburt as he tightly enclosed his rabidly drooling mouth around Hutchison's massive dildo and literally sucked himself to sleep on it.

"Rock-a-bye Hebrew, you fucking Jew; you completely reek of money and greed! All you care about is your own gain, and they call Hitler the one who's insane!" Hutchison mockingly sang to Filburt in an EXCEEDINGLY cruel and offensive fashion, actually causing Filburt to CRY like a baby yet again as he and Hutchison, both completely exhausted from how fiercely they had just made out with other, collapsed practically half-dead onto the former's shitty, pissy bed together.

"Actually, you know what? There IS actually ONE more thing that I'd personally like you to do for me, if you don't mind! KAY?!" Hutchison requested of Filburt in a rather unsettlingly eager manner, proving once and for all that her head-tilting habit actually HADN'T, in fact, been caused by her recently exterminated brain parasite; even while being controlled by Rocko and Heffer, she simply did it out of pure reflex.

"Oh dear God, WHAT IS IT NOW?!" Filburt laughed maniacally, his eyes suddenly turning bloodshot with a rather startlingly audible "CRACK" sound effect as he slowly turned his now-violently-shaking head to meet hers.

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AFTER HUTCHISON HAD RIGGED A MASSIVE PULLEY SYSTEM FROM THE GRANDFATHER PIANO IN THE BACK-LEFT CORNER OF FILBURT'S BEDROOM INTO THE CEILING AND WAS USING IT TO DANGLE A WHOLE MYRIAD OF KOSHER SAUSAGES FROM STRINGS WHILE FILBURT WAS ONCE AGAIN NAKEDLY CHAINED TO THE FLOOR AND CEILING RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF IT ALL...

"Juden, would you like some SAUSAGE? Juden, would you like some SAUSAGES? Juden, would you like some SAUSAGE? SAUSAGES! SAUSAGES!" Hutchison repeatedly sang for almost an entire half-hour as she nakedly sat at Filburt's grandfather piano (with the pulley strings FOR said sausages wrapped firmly around her playing fingers) and slammed completely random keys on it to produce an absolutely dreadful cacophony of completely random, off-key and meaningless noises, which in turn caused the ever-so-temptingly dangling sausages surrounding the progressively hungrier and more mentally exhausted Filburt to even MORE temptingly bounce up and down right in front of his very eyes, despite the fact that there was literally NO WAY for him to reach them! Needless to say, Rocko and Heffer were enjoying their merciless torturing of Filburt so much that they actually went out of their way to include the ENTIRE thirty-minute duration of the event in their brand-spanking-new (not to mention DISGUSTINGLY voyeuristic and just generally outright DISGUSTING) Filburt X Hutchison sex tape.

## Chapter 5

### PART 5

Once Filburt and Hutchison had finally returned everything back to its right place and completely passed out together on the former's bed from sheer sexual exhaustion, Rocko and Heffer got out their video camera and plugged it right into the latter's central control computer, with pretty obviously malicious intent if I do say so myself.

"Alright, the recording's officially saved onto this computer now, so if we just download it onto my digital video camera via USB like SO..." Rocko began monologuing as he typed and typed away on Hutchison's brain keyboard, searching frantically for the new video file that the two of them had just created in her memory banks.

"You know, this type of stuff REALLY shouldn't be existing to this extent in the nine-"

"SHH!" Rocko loudly shushed Heffer, slapping his left hand over his mouth to silence him while sorting through a whole myriad of traumatic childhood memories with his right.

"Alright, so here's all of the countless times she was raped and molested by her parents whilst growing up...that one time when she literally got her entire right hand cut off by her parents just because she was caught fingering herself with it...the countless members of the Kankerous Koala Klan that she's ended up having to kill in self-defense with the help OF her hand hook in order to avoid being raped AND burned at the stake by them...ah, here we go, our new voyeuristic sex tape between her and Filburt!" Rocko laughed rather uncharacteristically cold-heartedly (despite the fact that he was actually emotionally DEVASTATED beyond belief on the inside) as he excitedly clicked on the aforementioned sex-tape file and hit the DOWNLOAD TO CAMERA command.

"So I guess that video's IN the camera now?" Heffer asked confusedly, scratching his head.

"Yep, it sure as hell IS!" Rocko cackled evilly, briefly testing his new video to make sure that it actually worked on the new device that he had just transferred it to before finally returning both the camera itself AND its USB downloading cable into his pockets and quickly erasing the original file from her memory banks before she could wake up and tell Filburt about it.

"Oh, come on, Rocko, shouldn't we also erase those horribly fucked-up childhood memories of hers so that she'll be able to sleep better at night?" Heffer asked Rocko worriedly, ever-so-slightly tearing up out of sheer unbridled sympathy for the poor, POOR little kitten.

"Oh, COME ON, Heffer, who CARES if she's batshit crazy? At least it'll help her to break up the freaking MONOTONY that suburban life often entails! Come on, we've got PLACES to be for fuck's sake!" Rocko yelled irritably at Heffer, also making a surprisingly good point as the two of them hastily made their way over to the secret exit at the back of Hutchison's brain.

"Like WHERE, might I ask?" Heffer angrily stood up to Rocko for once in his lifetime, grabbing him by the back of his hazmat collar and lifting him up (yes, with exactly one hand; his right one, to be exact) so that he would have no other choice but to make straight eye contact with him.

"Uh...well, you know, bed and then the local movie store..." Rocko depressedly sighed, his ears and tail alike drooping in undeniable shame as the two of them snuck back out of Hutchison's head by going into her nose and purposefully getting themselves sneezed across the bedroom by her, then quickly snuck their way back out of Filburt's house through the currently-unused doggie door

that had already been built into the back door just in case, used the Grink Ray to grow themselves back to normal size and hastily headed back home to go to much-needed sleep in their OWN beds before Filburt and Hutchison could catch sight of them.

THE NEXT MORNING AT ABOUT 7:00 AM, AT THE CHAMELEON BROTHERS' LOCAL VIDEO STORE...

"Um, hello, Misters Chuck and Leon Chameleon, we have a rather...ahem...INTERESTING new sex tape that we'd like you guys to make into another one of your cloyingly pretentious art-film montages. Do you, UHH..." Rocko asked, blushing and fidgeting and shivering and nervously chattering his teeth and frantically glancing around himself to make sure that no one even remotely related to the video's subject characters was eavesdropping on him as he placed his video camera onto the countertop, "t-th-THINK that you could perhaps, uh, DO that for us?" he asked, placing his hands on the countertop and glaring at Chuck with a VERY awkwardly forced smile to make it seem as if he was innocent.

"Oh, why OF COURSE, our dear compadres!" Chuck and Leon laughed. "Why, we'll make it MAGNIFICENT! GRANDIOSE! FASCINATING! DELIGHTFUL! Why, perhaps even EROTIC, if you don't mind us stating!"

"Oh, not at all, TRUST us!" Heffer (vaguely sarcastically) agreed, nodding his head for emphasis as Chuck and Leon grabbed the camera and immediately got to work editing Rocko's new sex tape, which would predictably become known as none other than "La Vida Moderne De Feline".

MEANWHILE, ABOUT SIX HOURS LATER AT 1:00 PM, OVER AT FILBURT'S HOUSE, AFTER HE AND HUTCHISON HAD FINALLY WOKEN UP AND WERE NOW ONCE AGAIN LYING SIDE-BY-SIDE IN HIS QUEEN-SIZED BED TOGETHER...

"Jumping JEWNIPEr, Hutch; I just had the absolute CRAZIEST dream last night! More like a NIGHTMARE, actually!" Filburt groaned and clutched his head, still recovering from the absolutely SPLITTING headache that his experience last night had given him.

"Oh, you poor THING!" Hutchison gasped in shock, reaching over to lovingly pet and comfort him. "What exactly WAS this so-called NIGHTMARE of which you speak, if you don't mind me asking?"

"I was being fucking HORRIFICALLY raped and abused in literally ALL KINDS of different ways BY YOU! Even with masochism admittedly being one of my primary fetishes, it was fucking horrifying and traumatizing beyond belief!" Filburt stammered, clutching his pillow and violently shaking in fearful paranoia as he frantically glanced from left to right to make sure that there WAS, in fact, no one secretly spying on him and Hutchison through the bedroom windows.

"Hmm, that's weird; I don't seem to remember that ever happening at ALL!" Hutchison giggled teasingly, patting Filburt on the shoulder reassuringly with her hook hand. "Come on, let's go and get some coffee at Chuck's & Leon's to make you feel better! Last one there after our shower's a rotten EGG!" she laughed merrily, with neither her nor Filburt noticing the massive mud/piss stain all over the latter's bed as she and Filburt immediately went over to the bathroom to take their obligatory morning showers, brush their teeth and get dressed, then immediately bolted off to Chuck's & Leon's aforementioned coffee shop, luckily having one of their scheduled "honeymoon days" off from work on this exact day.

Little did they know, however, what had just been released into the public BY Chuck & Leon at that very same place...

"Um, HELLO? Anybody HERE?" Filburt asked nervously as he and Hutchison forcefully swung the double-door entrance of Chuck's & Leon's video store (of which their coffee shop just so happened to be the basement) open only to find literally not even a SINGLE person there, whereas an EXTREMELY unnatural amount of hustle-and-bustle noise could very clearly be heard coming from the basement!

"Holy FISHSTICKS, do I have an absolutely AWFUL feeling about this...I'm nauseous...I'm nauseous...I'm nauseous..." Filburt somewhat nauseatedly groaned as he VERY reluctantly and fearfully approached the downstairs door into the basement (with Hutchison almost-AS-reluctantly in tippy-tow, of course; yes, she was, in fact, walking tiptoed in high heels, PLEASE don't question it) and slowly but surely reached out his violently trembling hand to grab the doorknob.

"I must not fear...fear is the mind killer...fear is the little death that brings total obliteration...I must let it pass through me, allow the fear to dissipate, and then only I shall remain..." Filburt DREADFULLY nervously chanted to himself in an exceedingly shrill whisper as he FINALLY mustered the courage to open the door and walk down into the coffee shop...and to say the least, him and Hutchison were NOT pleased with what they saw on the flat-screen television inside.

As Filburt and Hutchison were busy walking down the rest of the steps into Chuck's & Leon's coffee shop, they suddenly caught sight of themselves having downright LUDICROUSLY fetishistic BDSM sex with each other on the television and immediately tripped over their shame and tumbled all the way down the staircase with not one but several great big THUDS in response.

"Oh dear sweet Mother Teresa...turtle on his back...with everyone in the entire room watching him fuck his own wife several football fields BEYOND silly..." Filburt blushed intensely and muttered to himself, rocking back and forth face-up on the floor in a desperate attempt to get back onto his feet while Hutchison (who had been VERY unluckily crushed underneath his shell) merely gasped for air.

"FUCKED UP..." one of the pot-smoking "zebra twin" hippies in the film's current audience drug-addledly murmured to himself, taking a nice big sip of his trusty crack-laced coffee.

"LIKE...KINKY..." the OTHER pot-smoking "zebra twin" hippie who just so happened to be fraternally sitting right next to him also murmured to himself, taking another nice big sip of HIS trusty crack-laced coffee as the real...ahem...MEAT, so to speak, of the film began.

"LA VIDA MODERNE DE FELINE!" the narrators (Chuck and Leon, naturally) very hammily announced as the video immediately cut to a nice big shot of Hutchison chaining Filburt up to the wall and whipping him while wearing an almost buck-nakedly revealing pantyhose bondage suit while the music suddenly cut into a giant PARODY of Paranoid Android by Radiohead.

"Please, can you cut THESE CHAINS, I'M TRY'NA EAT SOME FOOD!" Chuck and Leon sang in a voice disturbingly similar to that of the song's original singer while Filburt was being hung from the ceiling and forced to endure the fruitless temptation of the dangling sausages all around him by Hutchison.

"There's nothing on TV, SO WHY DON'T WE GET NUDE?" Chuck and Leon sang as Heffer (VERY paper-thinly disguised by the hazmat suit that he had been wearing at the time) was shown making his hilariously over-the-top "naked" face inside Hutchison's brain.

"WHY NOT? (they may be civilized, but not refined) WHY NOT? (they may be married, but lacking in decency)" Chuck and Leon sang as Hutchison gleefully smashed and sucked Filburt's dick WHILE he was bound up in chains.

"When I am queen, you will be first into the pen...with all your skulking, miserly and selfish Jew brethren!" Chuck and Leon sang as Hutchison forcefully dunked Filburt's face into a great big tub of mud, then poured it all over both herself and Filburt alike.

"WHY NOT? (they may be civilized, but not refined) WHY NOT? (they may be married, but lacking in decency)" Chuck and Leon sang while Filburt was busy licking Hutchison's entire mud-covered naked body clean, LITERALLY from head to toe.

"Your glasses MAKE you look pretty GEEKY!" Chuck and Leon sang as Hutchison literally whipped Filburt's glasses right off of his eyes, followed by him manually taking them off himself so that Hutchison could properly step on his face without breaking them.

"Kosher-Sausage-eating Jewish WEAKLING!" Chuck and Leon sang as Hutchison sang a bastardized version of Rock-a-Bye Baby to Filburt while he literally sucked himself to sleep on her dildo.

"UNSANITARY! UNSANITARY! Why don't you know how to be CLEAN?! PATHETIC FATASS COIN-COUNTING LECHER; GO AND NAIL YOURSELF TO THE CROSS, YOU FUCKING CUR!" Chuck and Leon sang as Hutchison vaginally pissed all over Filburt's entire naked body to wash the mud off of him, staining his entire bed in the process.

"TALK SHIT...TALK SHIT, COME ON, TALK...SHIT...ABOUT ME...MAKE ME SUFFER...MAKE ME SUH-UH-FERR-RRR-RRR-RRR...RRR-RRR-RRR-RRR, TALK SHIT...TALK SHIT, COME ON, TALK...SHIT...ABOUT ME...MAKE ME SUFFER...MAKE ME SUH-UH-FERR-RRR-RRR-RRR...RRR-RRR-RRR-RRR..." Chuck and Leon sang while a great big light-speed montage of all of the absolutely horrific things that Hutchison had inadvertently done to Filburt flashed across the screen like sudden PTSD flashbacks of the Vietnam War.

"THAT'S IT, SIR! YOU'RE LICKING! THE DIRT OFF! OF MY FEET! THE STINK OF! DRIED CAT SHIT! FOR YOU IT'S ONLY FIT! THE STROKING! THE SEMEN! THE STROKING! THE SEMEN! MURRAY LOVES HIS CHILDREN...MURRAY LOVES HIS CHILDREN, YEAH!" Chuck and Leon began rambling psychotically in vocal all-caps as Filburt was forced to lick, suck, and get his dick pleased by every last square inch of Hutchison's rancid, disgusting feet, culminating in him FINALLY ejaculating into the crazy bitch's vagina.

"Um...F-F-Fi-FILBURT?! Did...did I really DO all of that to you last night?!" Hutchison, who had just finally gotten back up onto her feet alongside Filburt, stammered in utterly disbelieving, nearly-microscopic-pupiled shock, covering her mouth with her hands and almost wanting to vomit from how ungodly humiliated she was while Filburt also did much of the same. "If so, then MY GOD am I sorry! I literally have no idea WHAT in God's name came over me!"

"Oh, I think I have a pretty freaking GOOD IDEA of WHO came over you..." Filburt growled lividly, gritting his teeth, balling his hands into fists and turning BOILING red with anger as he glared downright soul-meltingly at Rocko and Heffer, who were now merely minding their own incredibly suspicious business shaking and trembling and crossing their arms behind their backs and wobbling their tightly crossed legs like lily-livered wusses, sweating literal buckets and whistling as "innocently" as could be all the while as they desperately struggled not to make direct eye contact with anyone else in the room (most ESPECIALLY Filburt and Hutchison).

## Chapter 6

### PART 6

"Um, HELLO, new stars of the show; is there anything the two of you delightful sweethearted lovelies would like to ASK us, by any chance?" Chuck and Leon immediately dashed across the room and teasingly asked Filburt and Hutchison.

"Um, YEAH...first of all, WHAT IN THE NOW OFFICIALLY EIGHT-AND-THREE-QUARTERS NAMES OF HOLY MOTHER FUCK IS GOING ON HERE?!" Filburt furiously grabbed Chuck by the neck and screamed into his ear in a fit of pent-up rage. "ALSO, WHAT THE FUCK IS YOUR PROBLEM WITH JEWISH PEOPLE, FOR FUCK'S SAKE?!"

"No need to worry, my dear turtle-dove; EVERYONE is FAPPING IT to our INCREDIBLY tasteful and thought-out FILM! HAVE AN ESPRESSO, BABY!" Leon gaily encouraged him, attempting to hand him a nice big steaming-hot cup of the stuff, which Filburt immediately smacked right out of his hand and into his unsuspecting eyes.

"GAAAH, MY EYEEES! THE CONTACTS DO NOTHING!" Leon shrieked blood-curdlingly in agonizing pain and writhed on the floor like a lunatic while Filburt and Hutchison very, very, VERY angrily pushed their way through the crowd toward Rocko and Heffer.

"THERE HE IS! LEMME AT 'EM!" Filburt yelled enragedly, his mouth rabidly frothing with saliva as Rocko fearfully backed himself up against the wall and did the jazz hands in response.

"DEAR, DEAR, PLEASE DON'T, THEY'RE YOUR BEST FRIENDS!" Hutchison screamed in horror, desperately tugging against his left arm with "both" of her hands in a fruitless attempt to stop him.

"HMPH...friends, SCHMENDS!" Filburt growled in seething rage and ever-so-lovingly-gently shoved Hutchison away from himself, steam pouring in boiling-hot jets from his ears as he furiously lunged onto Rocko and beat the ever-loving shit out of him in yet another good old Looney Toons "dust brawl" while almost everyone in the audience begun chanting "FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!"

"YOU FUCKING PERVERTED, RELIGION-BASHING, DEPLORABLE SCUM!" Filburt screamed infuriatedly at Rocko, punching approximately an entire quarter of his teeth out, kicking him in the crotch so many times that he actually went completely numb in that area for at least two entire hours after, kneeling him viciously in the ribs and even biting roughly half of his left ear off. "DO YOU HAVE ANY FUCKING IDEA HOW MUCH I WANT TO FUCKING STRANGLE YOU WITH MY BARE FUCKING HANDS RIGHT NOW?! WELL?! DO YOU, MOTHERFUCKER?!" he continued screaming and laughing maniacally as he wrapped his hands horrifyingly tightly around Rocko's neck, causing the poor wallaby's face to turn a VERY sickly shade of purple and his eyes to bulge CONSIDERABLY out of his skull as he desperately struggled to try and pry Filburt's surprisingly strong hands off of himself.

"OH MY GOD, I CAN'T WATCH!" Heffer covered his eyes and wept loudly in dismay.

"Now YOU just stop this RIGHT NOW, mister!" Hutchison sneered lividly at Filburt, pulling him away from Rocko (who now had TWO black eyes and at least one broken rib and was being VERY worriedly watched over by Heffer) and roundhouse-kicking him across the face, which in turn caused him to once again collapse head-over-heels onto the ground, completely unable to get



back up.

"Let me TELL you something, PAL; not only did those two engage us in without a doubt some of the best sex we've EVER had, but they also cured not one but TWO parasitic head infestations that I had been afflicted by for QUITE some time, KAY?!" Hutchison put her hands on her hips, glared straight down at Filburt and growled aggravatedly at him, also kicking HIM right in the groin ridiculously hard just to see how HE liked it.

"OOO...(squirms and writhes in pain, humiliatedly clutching his balls)...m-may I please ask WHAT parasitic infections you're referring to?" Filburt asked Hutchison curiously, rocking helplessly back and forth in fetal position from how much his crotch now hurt.

"First of all, GOD-knows-how-many MITES in my left ear, which I must say you really should have SEEN when you were washing it out after busting my god-damned eardrum..." Hutchison exasperatedly explained to Filburt, folding her right arm behind her back and pointing to the corresponding ear of hers with her left...

"And second of all, a blasted HOOKWORM that just so happened to be living in my BRAIN for crying out loud!" Hutchison explained, pointing directly to her forehead with "both" of her hands. "Don't you GET it, Filburt? These two saved my LIFE! They're HEROES for fuck's sake!" she continued explaining even further, giving the both of them a nice, warm, blush-inducing smooch on the cheek.

"Okay, two things!" Filburt requested impatiently of Hutchison, rolling his eyes irritatedly. "First of all, how in the name of FUCK did you manage to end up having a damned hookworm living in your BRAIN..."

"I dunno, must've mistaken it for intestines or something! Look, just PLEASE DON'T ASK, o-KAY?!" Hutchison answered somewhat embarrassedly, shrugging her shoulders and tossing her arms out beside her.

"Second of all, HOW IN THE HELL DOES THIS MAKE UP FOR HOW MUCH FUCKING EMBARRASSMENT YOU TWO HAVE ALREADY CAUSED ME AND MY WIFE?!" Filburt suddenly sprung right back up onto his feet and yelled infuriatedly at Rocko and Heffer, shaking his fists at them in a remarkably distinct fighting stance.

"Simple; it allows US to make BIG money!" Chuck leapt onto the scene and explained to him.

"YAH! INDEED! EVERYONE who wishes to look HIP and ARTSY will WANT ONE...OF OUR ELEVEN THOUSAND COPIES!" Leon also leapt onto the scene and explained to him. "ONLY \$8.95! Plus tax!" (In other words, each DVD would basically cost Filburt exactly \$9.82.)

"Well, that's just fine and dandy, because I SWEAR TO GOD, if it's the LAST fucking thing I do, I am going to take the next million dollars' worth of my parents' inheritance, BUY EVERY SINGLE FUCKING COPY OF THAT FILM (except for my own personal masturbation copy, of course), PILE THEM UP, POUR GASOLINE ALL OVER THE RESULTING PILE AND BURN MY WHOLE MOTHERFUCKING COLLECTION TO THE GROOOUUUNNND! MWAHAHAHAHA! AHAHAHAHA!" Filburt got down on his knees, threw his arms up to the sky and began laughing maniacally while everyone else in the joint just annoyedly walked out as if nothing had ever happened.

"Hey, why's everybody LEAVING? Don't you like my amazingly epic evil LAUGH? Hey, FUCK YOU, I don't need to donate to some stupid-ass charity! Those kids can go FUCK THEMSELVES!" Filburt broke down screaming and crying as he was "tragically" left all alone in

the shop.

ONE INCREDIBLY IRRESPONSIBLE USAGE OF APPROXIMATELY ONE-TENTH OF THE LAST REMAINING THIRD OF FILBURT'S INHERITED FORTUNE (DIVIDED BETWEEN NEARLY EVERYONE IN O-TOWN JUST TO SPEED UP THE PROCESS) LATER...

"Okay, Filburt, here's the data we've got so far, KAY?!" Hutchison explained as presumably the last remaining portion of the 10,999 DVDs that Filburt had ordered to be destroyed were busy roasting like a great big campfire in the massive storm-drainage ditch behind Filburt's house (boy, THAT sure sounds good for the local water supply).

"So far, you've collectively spent approximately \$108,020 and bought exactly ALL 11,000 of the DVD copies, KAY?" Hutchison briefly looked down at her clipboard and continued explaining to Filburt, offering up the back of her non-hook hand so that Filburt could kiss it (and kiss it he did, believe me).

"Alright, so how many of them are calculated to be in the great big flaming pile I just made?" Filburt asked Hutchison INCREDIBLY nonchalantly, leaning teasingly against her shoulder while numerous surrounding people (also including Heffer but strangely not Rocko himself) came screaming out of their houses yelling "O-TOWN WATER IS MOVIES" at the tops of their lungs.

"Exactly 10,998, sir!" Hutchison confirmed with an equally teasing wink. "KAY?!"

"Um, okay...so, uhh, wh-WHERE exactly did the last one go?" Filburt asked nervously, audibly gulping.

"Oh, don't worry, I just sent it off to your parents in the Kerplopitgoes Islands! KAY?!" Hutchison informed Filburt, leaning over and smooching him on the cheek in a miserably failed attempt to ease the pain.

"You did WHAT?!" Filburt shrieked at the tops of his lungs, pulling out a machete from his pants pockets and getting ready to slit his neck with it while Hutchison cryingly and screamingly urged him to stop...when all of a sudden, at nothing short of THE most convenient possible moment, the friendly neighborhood mail-delivery van came screeching in with a letter for him!

Opening up the letter, which was addressed precisely to his house from his mom and dad in the aforementioned Kerplopitgoes Islands, Filburt reluctantly but obligately cleared his throat and read its contents.

"Dear Filburt, we saw your sex tape of you and your wife and we must say that we are extremely proud of you for achieving such an astonishingly healthy relationship with your new spouse (\*COUGH\* AHEM, RIGHT \*COUGH\*...) and making such an incredibly beautiful and avant-garde film out of it. We wish you luck and extreme fortune for all eternity; here's \$108,020 dollars for your trouble. PLEASE spend it wisely." Filburt read, taking the enclosed money in the envelope and immediately stuffing it into his pocket before anyone else could get to it.

"I don't BELIEVE it!" Filburt crumpled up the letter, tossed it unceremoniously behind him and gasped in equal parts shock and amazement. "This actually ended WELL for me!" he began laughing maniacally. "IT ENDED WELL FOR ME! IT ENDED WELL FOR ME! FOR ME! FOR MEEEEEE!" he got down on his knees and continued screaming like a constipated banshee, crying dirty, sweaty tears of joy and pounding the concrete floor with his fists until blood began leaking out from them.

"Well, yeah, except for the fact that you poisoned our entire freaking WATER SUPPLY,

douchenozzle!" Heffer shook his fist and yelled angrily at Filburt, placing his hands on his hips.

"Well, just know that it's true what they say, Filburt." Rocko sluggishly and painfully crept his way toward Filburt and stammered through broken ribs, coughing up and sputtering blood from his missing teeth onto the pavement all the while. "History never changes, and neither do people." he reluctantly, agonizingly finished as he finally collapsed onto the floor and was immediately loaded right back onto his stretcher and taken straight back to the local hospital on the exact same van that had previously taken him.

"Aww, AIN'T WE STINKERS?!" Hutchison and Filburt warmly caressed each other and began laughing maniacally in unison as they gleefully ran at full sprint from the angry pitchfork-and-torch-wielding street mob (also carrying numerous "CLEAN UP OUR WATER" and "BRING BACK THE SEX TAPES" signs) that had already begun frantically chasing after them while the screen faded to black in classic Looney Toons style.

APPROXIMATELY TEN YEARS LATER, IN THE YEAR 2005...

"ROCKO ISAAC MCFLEA!" Doc Blue (Filburt), who was now wearing a very obviously fake white wig with classic science-fiction goggles, suddenly parked his new DeLorean right next to Rocko just as the poor wallaby had barely even stepped off the front lawn of his house, with his lovely wife Hutchison proudly in tow in the front passenger seat, STILL bearing her iconic slasher smile as she VERY unsettlingly turned her head over toward Rocko and waved at him.

"Oh, for crying out loud, Blue, what is it NOW?" Rocko rubbed his eyes and exasperatedly asked Filburt.

"It's my SEX TAPES, Marty- I mean Rocko! They've gone VIRAL!" Filburt suddenly reached out of his wide-open driver's seat window, grabbed Rocko by the shoulders and shook the ever-loving crap out of him. "WE HAVE TO FIND A WAY TO STOP THEM, ROCKO! SOMEHOW!"

"And uhh, tell me, Blue; how exactly are we supposed to do THAT?" Rocko asked confusedly, shrugging his shoulders and even more exasperatedly throwing his arms out beside him.

"More on that later, Rocko; there's simply no TIME!" Filburt explained hastily, glancing extremely frantically around himself in a manic fit of paranoia as he forcefully pulled Rocko behind him and tossed him into the back seat. "Just know that when this baby hits 88 miles per hour, we are gonna see some SERIOUS cat tits!"

"Oh, dear God, I AM SO GETTING TOO OLD FOR THIS SHIT!" Rocko screamed for dear life as Filburt's flying DeLorean took off at ridiculous speeds, leaving literally not even a single trace of itself in its wake.

"Oh, Rocko, you poor naive BUTT-HEAD!" Mr. Bighead, who had literally just finished trimming the salmon bushes out in his front lawn, clutched his chest and laughed uproariously, also very naively assuming that this meant his arch-nemesis Rocko was officially gone for good as he obnoxiously self-confidently marched back into his house. "Now where exactly did I happen to leave that 1990s SPORTS almanac of mine?"

THE END...?

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